

THE HERALD.

BARDSTOWN:

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 21, 1852

All Communications addressed to the Editor must be pre-paid.

Single copies of the HERALD for sale at the Office. Price, 5 cents.

TERMS.

Per annum, in advance, : : : \$2 00
In six months, : : : : : 2 50
Three copies, in advance, : : : 5 00

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Of 10 the HERALD will be... \$1 50 per copy.
Of 20..... \$1 25
Of 50..... \$1 00

The money must always accompany the names of Club subscribers.

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| One square three months,..... | \$4 00 |
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Advertisers will be required to pay in advance. When an Advertisement is handed in the number of times it is to be inserted must be stated, if not stated it will remain in the paper until ordered out, and charged accordingly.

Those who advertise for six months or one year have the privilege of changing and renewing not exceeding once in three weeks.

Those who advertise shall be given enough to be understood by all; and that all who advertise will act in accordance with our requirements, instead of trying for hours to lower our prices. The Foreman of the Office has no time to spend in bargaining. This is without respect to persons; we have no disposition to do work cheaper for a close-fisted customer than for an liberal patron, who are willing to let others live.

THE HERALD is an extensive circulation, and business men will find it advantages to make use of its columns as a means of communicating with the public generally.

JOB PRINTING.

We have, since the expiration of the first volume of our paper, made several necessary and handsome additions to our JOB OFFICE which will enable to get up our work in a style that cannot fail to please.

BOOKS, PAMPHLETS, CARDS, BLANKS, BALL TICKETS, BILLS, POSTERS, BILL HEADS, &c., &c. will be printed on fine white or fancy paper, with Black, Blue, or Red Ink, on short notice. We are determined to use all means within our power to please those who favor us with their patronage.

While everybody is talking about Hungary and Russia, and the future relations of this country to the European powers, there are a few who see that it is towards Eastern Asia and not Europe that Anglo-American enterprise and influence are to be chiefly directed. We see that a Prussian paper, reviling America as the source of those revolutionary principles which are shaking despotic thrones, is replied to by a Bremen cotemporary who contends that the American movement will only reach Europe by crossing the Pacific, and spreading over Asia. Some persons think that of course the Bremen man is joking, and he may be for all we know or care, but while indeed we cannot see how any one who has an eye in his head or rather in his mind, and is not wholly dependent on a pair of green spectacles, can have failed to observe the westward tendency of American civilization. What means the fact that in less than ten years our stakes have been removed from the Sabine to the Pacific ocean; that in less than five years there has sprung up on the shores of that ocean a great state with three hundred thousand people; that where four years ago there was a little hamlet on a bay, the solitude of which was only disturbed by an occasional whaling vessel, there is now a city as large as Louisville, looking out upon a harbor crowded with the shipping of all nations; that it is but little more than five thousand miles from that port to China across an almost stormless ocean; that the half-way house of the Sandwich islands is a convenient coal depot for steamships that will make the trip from America to Asia in ten days; that in those oriental climes are the sources of the richest commerce that the world has ever seen and populations which must from their habits and condition be mere passive recipients of American influence, or helpless spectators of American energy? Then let the railroad be built across the isthmus of Tehuantepec, and built it will be, in spite of all opposition, and it will be four days from New Orleans to another great port on the Pacific, from which the keels of the all conquering Anglo Saxons will visit every coast and island of that vast ocean. Joke! why there is more earnest in it than all the fustian about the star-spangled banner marshalling a crusade against European despotism. In Europe we would encounter energies just as fierce, ideas just as aggressive and prejudices still more obstinate than our own. We think ourselves very smart, the "smartest nation in all creation," but the folks in the "ould countries" think they know a thing or two as well as we. We have not a single political element to impart that is not already stirring in Europe. The "despots" are much less concerned about us, and our doing, than about certain little nests of sedition nearer home, in Switzerland, Sar dinia, Belgium, and above all in England. The materials we should find in Europe are not malleable by us; they must be shaped as God wills by other hands than ours in the fiery furnace of revolutions. Asia will soon become the great field for Anglo-American energies, so far as they are to be exerted for the general promotion of civilization beyond the limits of our own country, and our own continent.

We dislike to see the efforts made by some of our public men and conductors of the Press, to keep alive the dying embers of hostility between this country and Great Britain. As there are no two nations so closely connected in lineage, language, laws and literature, so there are none between whom friendly relations ought to be more sedulously cultivated for the general good of mankind, as well as our own interests. Men who look at forms more than substance, talk of the aristocracy and monarchy of England as if they constituted the very life of the nation. We will not say with Pope, "For forms of government let fools contest;" yet it is certain that too much importance is attached to the forms. The mode in which the Executive of a nation is appointed is of far less moment than the practical means by which the private citizen is protected against arbitrary power. It is well known that the practical safe-guards of freedom in our own country have been derived from England. Our liberties are off-shoots of plants that had been living and growing in England for ages before they were transplanted to America. They have since continued to strengthen and expand in England herself in the light of free thought and a free Press. It is true that England has been very unjust to Ireland, and still retains the remnants of ancient abuses. The English people have always combined great conservatism with the progressive elements of their character and institutions, and that is one reason why their progress has been so healthy, vigorous and durable. Everything may be hoped from a people where mind is free to use all proper means to remove abuses and perfect the social arrangements. What nation is there that has not some anomaly at war with the general spirit and tendency of its institutions? Who would confine his view to the fungi and dead branches that cling to the oak, which spreads abroad his giant arms into the heavens? In spite of all drawbacks England is the great bulwark of constitutional liberty on the other side of the Atlantic, and if anything could justify us in deviating from our neutral policy, it would be that England, in upholding the rights of the smaller powers and affording an asylum for refugees, was in serious danger from the wrath of a coalition of continental despots.

The Tennessee Legislature has repealed its obnoxious amendments to the charter of the Nashville and Louisville Railroad, and passed the act in such a shape as to be perfectly acceptable to the Company. Nothing remains but to wait for the Company to have progressed, it appears that the route through the western part of this county, crossing the Rolling Fork at the mouth of the Beech from thence up Younger's creek, crossing Green River near Munfordville, and passing either through Glasgow or Bowlinggreen, is shorter than either the upper route through Bardstown or the lower through Elizabeth town. This is just as we anticipated. Our course is clear enough. We must have a railroad, or our town will go to the dogs. We do not think it likely that the Company will take the vote of this county on the question of a conditional subscription, when the condition must be that they come 12 miles out of their way. But if the road crosses Salt River at Shepherdsville, we must make a bargain with them, if possible, to construct a branch here for a certain amount of private subscription, or if they will not do that, or in case the Nashville road goes by the mouth of Salt River, then we must go to work under our own excellent charter from Bardstown to Louisville. There are no two ways about it. Road or no road, we do not regard as a debatable matter.

We have heard of an old Virginian who formerly lived in this vicinity, whether belonging to one of the "first families" or not we cannot say, who before he left the old dominion had never seen but one peacock and that one had nearly caused him a fall from his horse. After he settled in this neighborhood, he was riding into town one bright morning, when his horse shied violently at one of those gaudy fowls which was sitting on a fence with all his rainbow colors spread to the sunshine. The old gentleman instantly dismounted in a violent rage, exclaiming "scaring horses again are you," and attacked the bird with a stick. The consequent clamor brought out the master of the house who enquiring what was the matter, the Virginian roared out, still shaking his stick at the unlucky peacock, "That tattered-off rascal nearly made my horse throw me in old Virginia five years ago, and here he is away out here at his old tricks again."

Old Fogey is the beautiful nickname applied by the New York Tribune and other papers of that stamp, to those staid persons who have not the organ of hope large enough to believe that the world can be regenerated in three months by a batch of sentimental philanthropists.

GREAT CATASTROPHE.—At New York, on Monday night, the East River was frozen over between the city and Brooklyn. The tide coming in on Tuesday caused the ice to break up suddenly, and two hundred persons were carried off by the fragments. Notwithstanding every exertion was made to save them, many have been lost.

It is said that EMILE GIRARDIN one of the most eminent men in France having got tired of French revolutions, of which he has seen about a baker's dozen, is about to sell out at Paris and remove to N. York. The next few years will witness an immense transfer of capital, talent and population from Europe to the United States, seeking refuge from bloody and destructive commotions.

We are much indebted this week to the *Illustrated Family Friend*, an excellent literary paper, recently established at Columbia, South Carolina.—We are delighted to see such an enterprise in the South, conducted by so competent a gentleman as Mr. GOODMAN, and we trust it will be as successful as its most sanguine friends could anticipate.

Lynch Law—A Young Woman Hung.

A correspondent of the Journal of Commerce, after detailing several cases of lynching in California writes as follows :

" Shocking, however, as these cases are, both are outdone by the extra judicial murder of a young girl at Downieville, far up in the mountains of Yuba county.

She was a Mexican señorita, with all the passions and frailties which attach themselves to the race. One day she stabbed a man, so that he died in a short time. Public opinion varies as to the enormity of the crime. Some assert that it was a wanton and treacherous attack; others consider it to have been an ordinary murder, under circumstances of insufficient but considerable provocation; while many affirm that the blow was struck in defence of her person against a drunken assault. The better opinion is, as far as I can learn, that the killing was unlawful, but under palliating circumstances. It is of little consequence to my present purpose, to examine into the degree of crime. I am merely to relate how woman was punished by unlawful hands in this high noon of the 19th century.

It seems that an example was needed in Downieville. Little or no retribution had fallen upon former murders in that vicinity, and it unfortunately happened that the dead man had many friends in the city, while the girl elicited no sympathy. Her nation was despised, and she was of a character which always draws more companions than friends in California. The many headed monster cried "blood for blood."

Two other women, his complices,

fixes his steady gaze,

and stands, to the friendly const.

And they who stay in perilous wastes, by night,

And step right.

And then does item rise,

Star and Pope, and then doest thou set,

Alone in thy cold shins,

Look in thy old unmoving station yet,

Nor join'st the dances of that glittering train,

Nor dip'st thy virgin orb in the blue western main.

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Star and Pope, and then doest thou set,

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Nor dip'st thy virgin orb in the blue western main.

There, at once, it rusheth through the kindling air,

And eve, that rounds the earth

Chases the day, rounds thee watching there;

There moonrise findeth, and the hour that calls

The shapes of polar flame to scale heaven's azure walls

Alas! beneath thine eye,

The deeds of darkness and of light are done;

High towards the starlit sky.

Towns blaze—the smoke of battle blots the sun—

The night-storm on a thousand hills is loud;

And the strong wind of day doth mingle sea and

land.

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The Bardstown Herald

Is published every Wednesday Morning

BY

ELLIS & NOURSE.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 21, 1852.

KEEP BEFORE THE PEOPLE

The fact that the BARDSTOWN HERALD can be sent to any Post-Office in this County FREE of Postage; that a Club of Thirty can get the HERALD at ONE DOLLAR each, and the gentleman or lady who procures us that many subscribers, will get the Herald for nothing, and our thanks; that at the rate of One Dollar per copy the Bardstown Herald is decidedly cheaper to the citizens of Nelson County than other Newspaper in the world, and as a County paper we hope that we will be able to make it more interesting and more useful than any other paper, not published in the county, can be: be it also remembered that Clubs must advance the money. No fears need be entertained concerning our ability to work through another year. Every thing in our Office is paid for and insured, and we intend to carry on the Herald until the Type wears out. If anybody doubts it, we say to him, give us a call and if he desires it we will show clear receipts for press, type, sticks, ink, paper, cases, chases, galleyes, &c., &c.

By reference to our advertising column it will be seen that Messrs. RILEY & MUIR have removed to Louisville, where they will be glad to see their friends from this district. They have entered into a co-partnership with Mr. JAMES C. BAILEY, who will always be found at his Office, formerly occupied by Riley & Muir; and all legal business entrusted to Mr. Bailey will receive attention from them.

EXAMINATION

Of the Bardstown Collegiate Institute will commence on Thursday, the 5th of February. Patrons and all interested are solicited to be present on that occasion.

The Constitution which Louis Napoleon vonchoses to France is as follows: The President to appoint, besides his ministry, the council of State, and the Senate. The lower legislative body to be constituted by the people choosing 30,000 electors who in turn shall choose 500 persons, from whom the President shall select 250. Thus all power will in reality be in the hands of the Executive.

Monday night, the 19th, was awfully cold, about 14 degrees below zero. On Tuesday we had the most extraordinary spectacle of four funerals, that of Mr. Electus Hagan, an old and highly respectable citizen of our county, and three very young children, one of Mr. Wm. Powell, one of Mr. J. C. Talbott and one of Mr. James N. Poole.

The more than usual expenses of our Office consequent upon the purchase of our NEW PRESS and a large and excellent addition of TYPE, compell us to call on those indebted to us either for Subscriptions to the HERALD, Advertising, or Job-Work, for the money or whatever has been agreed upon, when the debt was made. Most of the debts due us do not exceed five dollars each, and any of the debtors can very conveniently pay up whilst we would consider ourselves "in town with a pocket full of rocks," when we get all that is due us.

We call attention to the advertisement of Wm. H. Hardisty & Wife, in another column. Some of the kinds of work done by them, we know are very superior, and we would advise those wanting anything done in their line, to patronize them.

WOOD—WANTED—AT—THIS OFFICE. Friends bring us a few loads. Those who have promised us WOOD for subscriptions cannot bring it to us at a better time.

Washington; visiting a lady in his neighborhood, on leaving the house, a little girl was directed to open the door. He turned to the child and said, "I am sorry, my little dear, to give you so much trouble." "I wish sir," she replied, "it was to let you in."

PARIS UNDER MARTIAL LAW.

A Graphic Description.

An occasional correspondent of the New York Courier, writing from Paris on the 5th inst., gives a very graphic account of the scenes in Paris during the usurpation, an account which the French and English press carefully keep from the public, they being under the ban of Napoleon the Second.

On Wednesday morning I went into the streets, debouching on the Boulevards des Italiens by the rue Richelieu. The pave was crowded with well dressed, orderly people, and the shops all open. Every now and then a mounted officer would pass, and at times a picket of infantry or squadron of horse. I entered several of the cafés. They were full of people, but nobody seemed to be eating or drinking, though many were engaged in games; and I overlooked, with others, for few moments, a game of chess, which having been completed, the victor exclaimed in sort of mock triumph, *c'est Napoléon qui gagne!* It seemed to me that the temper of the people was good, and upon the whole, though certainly there were many dissentients, that they were pleased with the course of public events. Towards mid-day I had strolled as far eastward as the fountain called the Chateau d'Eau, observing nothing on the way to alter my view of the popular feeling. Here, however, where the Rue du Temple turns off to the right, persons were pressing down this street as if to see something that was known to be astir; and, not less curiously than others, I followed the example. I found the street to grow very much narrower at the bottom. I had got immovably fixed in an impervious crowd, and this crowd in a frightful state of excitement, before I had time to reflect on the danger I was willfully incurring. I had determined that the worst means of escape would be to return the route I had come, and that it was better to push on as I could, and turn off at the first corner I should come to, when several single shots, and then a volley which seemed close to my ear, although I could see neither smoke nor fire, suddenly put the dense mass to flight. Then were cries of distress, and many seemed to be trodden under foot. I held on to the side of a house, under the lee of some projecting object, which kept me in safety from the torrent. In a few moments there was comparatively a clear space around me. The windows and doors on both sides of the way were closed, though three or four inquisitive faces were peeping out from many upper stories. A door suddenly opened, and a man with bare arms, and a handkerchief knotted round his head, rushed out, holding in his hand a little wooden key, and running at full speed down the street, turned to the right; I followed, and upon reaching the corner, became aware that at some distance on the right, there was a tremendous uproar—most terrific cries, and an unceasing discharge of musketry. I dashed across the street, and pursuing my original direction, thought to give the scene of commotion a wide berth. After passing through an almost deserted way, for ten or fifteen minutes, I encountered a body of sixty or eighty soldiers on the run, with trailed arms. These fellows are so hot, thought I, there is no knowing what may happen now. I determined, however, to assume a sort of cool dignity. As they approached I was conscious that the officer at their head kept a severe eye fixed on me. I made way for them with as disengaged an air as I could, and as the chief came nearer I slowly raised my hat. He returned the salute with careful politeness, and hurriedly uttering the words, *chez vous! chez vous!* passed on. I continued my route with feelings that were rapidly approaching uneasiness. I was aware in which direction the Boulevards lay, and that bearing to the right I should approach them at a point higher up than the Rue du Temple; but besides this I had little knowledge of my whereabouts. The streets were deserted; I saw hardly anybody except two or three groups, standing over or carrying wounded men, and others flying, as it seemed, from a scene of battle.

The narrow streets were so dark, and seemingly dangerous, that I gave up the thought of reaching the rue St. Denis, and turning up St. Martin, was soon in the crowd. All that I could learn was that there had been severe fighting somewhere, and that even now preparations were making for the like game somewhere else. All my views of public feeling suddenly proved fallacious; there were numbers of well-dressed men, such as you see at Delmonico's at mid-day, with many work-people, and not a few thorough-looking desperadoes; but no noise or confusion of any kind; all conversed in stealthy tones, with the air of persons whose thoughts were fervid on some important business in which they were to figure as spectators or participants; but I could not doubt from various circumstances, that all, perhaps without exception, were enemies of Louis Napoleon.

I went into a good-looking café or public-house, but discovered, or thought I discovered, such decided marks of business, that I soon turned into the street again. Two or three garçons were moving empty casks and deal boards into one corner of the large room; several persons were handling fowling-pieces or pistols, and I heard one ask another for something, whereupon the person addressed demanded to see Monsieur's billet, and then the first produced a paper from his pocket, which seemed to settle the matter satisfactorily. I sauntered up the street, doubtful what course to pursue, but still curious to watch the progress of events.

I thought each step was taking me nearer home, but in this I was mistaken. I was yet probably far short of the Boulevards, when I gathered from the speech of those around me, that progress in that direction was mercifully stopped by a strong picket of horse and foot. I could only retrace

my steps, but still eschewed the side streets, for they had a most gloomy and way-laying air, and had nearly reached the point at which I entered St. Martin, when my ears caught the still more alarming report—*on ne peut plus circuler! les maudits tyrans!*—This, I confess, nearly put a stop to my own special interior circulation. It occurred to me at once that the Quarter was surrounded, that escape was hopeless, and that I must even dispose of myself as I could.

The mob was every moment growing more earnest, and were beginning to batter the lamps at no great distance from me. I looked first at one house and then at another, but at last my steps brought me to a low, humble-looking shop, over the window of which I discovered the name of somebody, Horologer, and at the door a little man, whom I took to be the Horologer himself. I rapidly explained to this person my straits and wishes—he eyed me attentively for a moment or two, and then, to my great satisfaction, admitted me to enter. We passed through an empty shop, for all his valuables had probably been packed up, excepting those we found in a back room, the eldest of which had hardly passed its degree of totter. The lady received me with the air of a countess, (meaning thereby a really kind and graceful manner,) though she had little pretensions to personal neatness or modish dress. She overwhelmed me with compliments to the English—"We are separated," said she, "from all our friends, but heaven has sent us one in Monsieur!" and seemed striving to implant herself in my good graces, while I was only too anxious to stand well in hers. Some wretched coffee was brewing, and a modicum of bread completed a desolate looking supper-board, and though pressed with true hospitality to eat, I took but little, from want of appetite, and because the house was evidently short of supplies.

Not a word was said of late events of the danger that was approaching, except that the man several times ejaculated soothily, *sois tranquille, cela finira bientôt!* to which his partner would fervently reply *Grace a Dieu!*

Presently it was proposed that we should go up-stairs, and we shortly did so, to look out from a front window.

The street presented a singular spectacle. People were dragging along a couple and two or three carts; others carrying tables, benches, planks, and half a dozen were shouldering a long ladder; but with all this there was but little noise, saving a continual rattling at doors, where long reached our own, and then I understood it to be a demand for articles of furniture. My host looked round his scantily-furnished chamber, and darting on a wooden flap, which opened and shut against the wall, he easily wrenched this from his holdings and passed it out of the window. The contribution was deemed sufficient. This course of things continued all night, and rather increased than diminished towards morning, and for some time after. The night was anxious, but the shortest, I think, I ever knew. No one, I am sure, slept but the children, and if my friends were like myself, no one of us felt inclined to sleep. It must have been long after day-break, when the house was fairly shaken by a tremendous discharge of small arms and cannon, not far off, on which side of us we could not tell. This continued for an hour, it may be, but I had quite lost all measure of time, and do not pretend to report it with certainty. At this, the air was thick with smoke. The street was entirely deserted, except that at intervals, a feeling combatant (of the people) would stagger along, stanching his hurt with a handkerchief, or tumbling into a door that opened to receive him, at last there seemed to be a complete rout, and people were driving along *pell-mell*. I fixed my eye on a comely young man in a dark frock, but hatless, with a drawn sword in his hand. As he ran he severed the straps of his scabbard and let it drop, and then swinging suddenly round, cut desperately at two soldiers close behind, but before his arm came back, both bayonets had pierced him. One poor fellow had a good chance for escape, but he tripped over something and fell on his face—in a twinkling, first one and then two or three murderers, with vertical and repeated thrusts, soon finished his pain. I was sick at the sight, but worse was yet to come. A half dozen soldiers, it may be more, were dragging along a poor wretch whose looks and cries seemed hopelessly to ask for pity. Arrived at a lamp-post, his breast was quickly crossed by a strap or cord, which passing under the arm-pits, was loosely tied above him. I am sure the least effort on his part would have released him—he made none, but hung his head as if resigned. A ruffian then stepped out slowly and evenly, some twelve paces to his front, and with the air of the parade, first ordered, then presented, took a long aim, and fired, I doubt not, with sufficient effect, for his comrades shouted, *Bravo! vive Napoléon!* I could stand this no longer. Not once only, but several times, I heard the shot and accompanying shout, the meaning of which I now too well knew. My host and hostess had long since retired from the window, and even from the room, I found them bathed in tears, and was quite ready to cry myself at the earliest moment. I should find it useful to do so. I mediated escape from the back of the house, but was checked by the thought how ungenerous it was to desert friends who had generously protected me. Platoons were now either firing into the upper windows of houses, or breaking doors open to enter them. To my great delight I found that, for some unexplained reason, my host's wishes coincided with my own. He willingly gave me some unintelligible directions, and assisted me into an unknown territory, beyond the boundary of his little yard. I cleared the fence to land on the roof of a pig-stye, or

something worse. There was a house before me it is true, but it seemed to admit of no entrance. I was looking anxiously at a wall on the right and then at a board fence on my left, when a man's head rose over the gutter, followed by the body, which suspended for an instant by the hands, dropped to the ground. This individual was followed by three others, the last of whom rested on the top to pull over a light ladder. Applying this to the opposite fence, three had quickly disappeared on the other side, when I looked inquiringly at the one yet standing at the foot of the ladder, and proposed to follow—*montez! mon bon enfant!* *vitel!* said he, and I rapidly obeyed the injunction. These generous fellows having once adopted me, made me one of themselves. They were familiar with the ground, and knew their way well. We scaled with more or less difficulty, numerous fences and walls, passed unchallenged through many houses, crossed several streets, and at last, after a long and distressing journey, (on my part) reached one which the men informed me would lead into the *Boulevard des Italiens* at no great distance off.

Ever I felt a great sense of gratitude it was now. I took from my purse a coin, which to me seemed too small, but to them a too liberal remuneration for kindness, and grasping each of my rough companions warmly by the hand, bid them farewell. May Heaven spare them now and hereafter from the bullets of the soldiers! After walking for some time, I found myself approaching the Boulevards, but the crowd very much increased as I did so. I soon found that I was entering them at the corner of the *Café de Paris*, with which I was so familiar. I bowed my way with redoubled energy, kept the wall close to my right, mounted the crowded steps, and at last reached the interior.

I went up stairs in the hope of finding the crowd less, and the chances of seeing into the street greater; but in both respects was disappointed, for the room was as full as below, and the windows completely blocked by people standing on chairs and tables.

As far as my eye could reach in either direction, a long line of foot stretched along each side-pavement, each facing toward the houses across the way, while through the middle of the street poured westward a continuous stream of all arms. Not a civilian was to be seen below, but every window and balcony of every house was crowded with people. All the time I had been in the house, and even before, I had occasionally heard distant firing, but my attention was not constantly directed to it. Now there were repeated shots on the Boulevard. I saw at least two officers assisted from their horses, several soldiers falling down, and at one point another considerable stir or disorder in the ranks.

Presently there was a thundering volley, and a whole front of a house fell to the left was instantly cleared of spectators. Again and again the sound rang in my ears, and several other houses were cleared, but still many remained full as before. Suddenly my companions started back, and while most of them fell flat on their backs, I dashed against the wall inside of the window. It was not a second too soon. We heard a volley as if beneath our feet, the crash of falling glass, and a loud cry of anguish up the stairway. For what seemed to me an age of endurance, but few of us changed our position. At last there seemed to be an alleviation of danger. The prostrate figures before me became restless, and intercommunicated by means of whips.

The man with a shovel consented to sacrifice himself for the company, and he and his defence slowly rising from the floor, with many jerks backwards, but still gaining in advance, he shortly announced that the barbarians opposite were standing at ease. I went down stairs to mingle with the crowd. They were agitated, but neither loud in their expressions, nor enraged. I learned that several wounded were in the back rooms; if so, the unfortunate persons made no audible cries. Many, however, were running to and fro, and every now and then I heard earnest inquiries made about somebody's injury or state. Through several hours, I think the firing continued, though it seemed with increasing intervals; but by general consent, every one was sternly forbidden to approach a window, and it was impossible to know what was passing without. I passed the night here without food, without sleep, like hundreds of others, constantly on my feet. Upon one point there seemed to be no doubt; that it was forbidden to circulate, and certain death to go into the street. At last, the joyful word was passed, that the interdict was raised. The door was opened, and the dawn of day faintly lighted up many haggard faces.

An Irishman on being asked which was oldest, he or his brother?—"I am oldest," but if my brother lives three years, we shall both be of an age."

Delicious madness is defined as going crazy after calico. Its premonitory symptoms are standing collars, and a passionate desire to blow the bowels out of a flute.

It is said that you can keep a hundred game cocks in the same yard without any outbreak whatever, provided there are no females present.

Introduce a hen, however, and the "devil is to pay" in no time. As a colored brother once said, what a "close proximity exists between the barn-yard and the human family." Philosophers should dwell upon it.

A German writer, who had the attention of our readers to the advertisements of Dr. Hoofland's celebrated German Bitters, prepared by Dr. C. M. Jackson, No. 120 Arch street, Philadelphia. In cases of Liver complaint, Dyspepsia, Disease of the Kidneys, and all diseases arising from disordered stomach, their power is not excelled, if equalled, by any other known preparation, as the cures attest, in many cases, after the most celebrated physicians had failed. We can conscientiously recommend this medicine; as being what it is represented and urge our readers who are afflicted to procure a bottle and they will be convinced of the truth we assert.

WANTED.

A GOOD washer and ironer for the balance of the year. Apply at this office.

ALL persons having Boots and Shoes to mend can have them mended by calling on W. T. Hardisty, next door to Doone & Hart's Saddle Shop, Arch street.

Terms: Cash without exception to person. After the work is done, some attention will be given to law.

It is not always a mark of frankness to possess an open countenance. An alligator is a deceitful creature, and yet presents an open countenance when in the very act of "taking you in."

Wool HATS. A very superior article, just received, and for sale by

McKAY & METCALFE.

WADIES wishing a handsome Silk or Mous-

Prunes, &c., in store and for sale by

Jan 14 COLLINGS & WELLS.

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WONDERS OF CENTRAL AMERICA.

From Squier's new work on "Central America," just published by G. P. Putnam, New York.

I had heard much in Leon of ancient monuments in the vicinity of Managua, and particularly of the ancient Indian temple cut in the solid rock, on the shore of a small lake, amongst the hills back of the city. I now learned that the lake was called Nihapa, and that upon the rocks which surrounded it were many figures, executed in red paint, concerning the origin of which nothing was known, but which were reported to be very ancient, "haciendo antes la Conquista," made before the Conquest. The next morning, having meanwhile procured a guide, we started for this lake. The path for a league, lead through a beautiful level country, magnificently wooded, and relieved by open cultivated spaces, which were the hattos and huertas of the inhabitants of Managua. Nearly every one of these had a small cane but, picturesquely situated amidst a group of palms or fruit trees in the centre, reached by broad paths beneath archways of plantains. Here the owners reside when weary of the town. We overtook hundreds of Indian laborers, with a tortilla and a bit of cheese in a little net-work bag thrown over one shoulder, pantaloons tucked up to the thighs, and carrying in the right hand, or resting in the hollow of the left arm, the eternal machete, the constant companion of every mozo, which he uses as an axe to clear the forest, a spade to dig the earth, a knife wherever to divide his meat, and a weapon in case of an attack. Passing the level country adjacent to the city, we came to the base of the hills which intervene between the lake and the sea. Here, at every step, traces of volcanic action met our view, and the path became rough and crooked, winding amongst disrupted rocks, and over broad beds of lava. The latter extended down the side of the ridge, showing that anciently there existed a crater somewhere above us, now concealed by the eruptions, which however, must have taken place many centuries ago, for the lava was disintegrated at the surface, and afforded a luxuriant foothold for vines, bushes, and trees. For this reason, although we knew that we had attained an elevated position, we found it impossible to see beyond the evergreen arches which beat above us, and which the rays of the sun failed to penetrate. The ascent was steep, and our progress slow—so slow that a troop of indig- nant monkeys, swinging from branch to branch, grimacing, and threatening vehemently, was able to keep pace with us. We fired our pistols at them, and worked up their feelings to a pitch of excitement and rage, humiliatingly like the ebullitions of humanity. These amusing denizens of the forest, I have frequently observed, seem annoyed by the presence of white men, and will fret and chatter at their approach, while the brown natives of the country may pass and repass, if not without attracting their notice, at least without provoking their anger.

At the distance of about two leagues and a half from Managua, we reached what appeared to be a broad, broken table land, the summit of the division range intervening between the lake and ocean. We had not proceeded far, before we discovered a high conical peak, made up of scoria and ashes, and bare of trees, which had evidently been formed by the matter thrown out from some neighboring volcanic vent. Here our guide turned aside at right angles to our path, and clearing the way with his machete, in a few minutes led us to the edge of the ancient crater. It was an immense orifice, fully half a mile across, with precipitous walls of black and riven rocks; at the bottom, motionless and yellow, like a plate of burnished brass, was the lake Nihapa. The wall of the crater, upon the side where we stood, was higher than at any other point, and the brain almost reeled in looking over the Acheronian gulf below. Upon the other side, the guide assured us there was a path to the water, and there too were the rock temple, and "los piedras pintadas." So we fell back into our path again, and skirting along the base of the cone of scoria to which I have referred, after a brisk ride of twenty minutes, came suddenly, and to our surprise, upon a collection of huts pertaining to a cat- tle estate. Here burst upon our sight an almost boundless view of mountain, lake, and forest. Behind us towered the cone of scoria, covered with a soft green mantle of grass. Upon one side yawned the extinct crater with its waveless lake; upon the other were ridges of lava, and ragged piles of trachytic rock, like masses of iron; while in front, in the foreground, stood the picturesquely cane huts of the vaqueros, clustered round with tall palms and the broad, translucent leaves of the plantain. But beyond all—beyond the mountain slopes and billowy hills, shrouded with never-fading forests, among which, like fleecy clouds of white and crimson reflected in a sea of green, rose the tops of flowering trees—beyond these flashing back the light of the morning sun from its bosom, spread out the lake of Managua, with its fairy islets and distant, dreamy shores!

We left our horses at the huts, and followed a broad, well-beaten path which led to the point where the walls of the extinct crater are lowest. Here we found a narrow path between the rocks, barely wide enough to admit a horse to pass. It had in part been formed by art, probably before the Conquest, when, according to the early chroniclers, even these hills were thronged by a happy and industrious people. The descent for a few hundred feet was very steep, between high walls; it then turned short, and ran along the face of the cliff, where fallen masses of rock afforded a foothold, and clinging trees curtailed with vines concealed yawning depths and perilous steeps, which would otherwise have dizzied the head of the adventurous traveler. Near the bottom the path widened; at the water's edge we reached a kind of platform, edged with stones, where the cattle from the haciendas came down to drink, and whence the vaqueros of the huts obtained water for their own use.—Here a few trees found root, affording a welcome shelter from the rays of the sun; for the breezes which fan the hillsides never reach the surface of this almost buried lake.

The walls of the ancient crater were everywhere precipitous, and at the lowest point probably not less than five hundred feet in height. Except at the precise spot where we stood, the lake washed the cliffs, which went down sheer down into the unknown depths. We looked up, and the clouds as they swept over seemed to touch the trees which fringed the lofty edges of the precipice, over which the vines hung in festoons.

Upon the vertical face of the cliff were painted, in bright red, a great variety of figures. These were the "pinturas" of which we had heard. Unfortunately, however, long exposure had obliterated nearly all of the paintings; but most conspicuous amongst those still retaining their outlines perfectly, or nearly so, was one which, to me, had peculiar interest and significance. Upon the most prominent part of the cliff, some forty feet above our heads, was a plumed, or feathered serpent, called by the Indians "el Sol," the Sun; amongst the semi-civilized nations of America, from Mexico southward, as also amongst many nations of the Old World, the symbol, beneath which was concealed the profoundest significance. Under many of its aspects it coincided with the sun, or was the symbol of the Supreme Divinity of the heathens, of which the sun was one of the most obvious emblems. In the instance of the painting before us, the plumed, sacred serpent of the aborigines was artfully depicted so as to combine both symbols in one. The figure was about three feet in diameter. Above it, and amongst some confused lines of partially obliterated paintings, was the figure of a human hand—the red hand which haunted Mr. Stephens during all of his explorations amongst the monuments of Yucatan—where it was the symbol of the divinity of Kabul, the Author of Life, and God of the Working Hand.

Upon some rocks a little to the right of the cliff, upon which is this representation of the serpent, there were formerly large paintings of the sun and moon together, as our guide said, "con muchos jeroglíficos," with many hieroglyphics. But the section upon which they were painted was thrown down during the great earthquake of 1833.—Parts of the figure can be traced upon some of the fallen fragments. Besides these figures, there were traces of hundreds of others, which, however, could not be satisfactorily made out.—Some, we could discover, had been of regular outline, and, from their relative positions, I came to the conclusion that a certain degree of dependence had existed between them. One in particular, attracted my attention, not less from its regularity than from the likeness which it sustains to certain figures in the painted historical and ritual Manuscripts of Mexico.

Upon various detached rocks, lying next to the water, beneath trailing vines, or but half concealed above fallen debris and vegetable accumulations, we discovered numerous other outline figures, some exceedingly rude, representing men and animals, together with many impressions of the human hand.

By carefully poising myself on the very edge of the narrow shelf or shore, I could discover, beyond an advanced column of rock, the entrance to the so-called rock temple of the ancient Indians. I saw at once that it was nothing more than a natural niche in the cliff; but yet to settle the matter conclusively, I stripped, and, not without some repugnance, swam out in the sulphurous lake, and around the intervening rocks to the front of the opening. It was as I had supposed, a natural niche, about thirty feet high, and ten or fifteen feet deep; and, seen from the opposite cliff, no doubt appeared to the superstitious Indians like the portal of a temple. The paintings of which they had spoken were only discolored, produced by the fires which had once flamed up from the abyss where now slumbered the opposing element.

Our guide told us that there were many other paintings on the cliffs, which could only be reached by means of a raft or boat. The next day M. returned with a canoe from Managua; it was got down with great difficulty, but he discovered nothing new or interesting.

We were told that there were altars in this lake, but we saw none, and still remain sceptical upon that point, notwithstanding the positive assertions of the vaqueros. That it was bottomed in fish, however, we could not fail to discover, for they swarmed along the edge of the water, and at the foot of the cliffs. This lake was, no doubt, anciently held in high veneration by the Indians; it is still regarded with a degree of superstitious fear by their descendants. Our guide told us that the evil demons who dwelt within its depths, and who vengeancefully dragged down the swimmers who ventured out upon its gloomy waters. It was easy to imagine that here the aboriginal deities had made sacrifices to their mountain gods, the divinities who presided over the internal fires of the earth, or ruled the waters. This half-buried lake, with no perceptible opening, situated amidst once melted rocks, on the summit of a mountain, with all of its accessories of dread and mystery, was well calculated to rouse the superstitious fears and secure the awe of a people distinguished above all others for a gloomy fancy, which invested nearly all of its creations, whose most acceptable sacrifices were palpitating hearts, torn from the breasts of human victims!

It was past noon before we had finished our investigations at the lake, and we returned to the huts of the vaqueros weary, hot and hungry. The women swung hammocks for us in the shade, and we laid down in luxuriant enjoyment of the magnificent view,

while they ground the parched corn for the always welcome cup of *tisne*. And although, when we came to leave, they charged us full ten times as much for it as they would have asked their own countrymen, yet they had displayed so much alacrity in attending to our wants that we sealed the payment with as hearty a "mil gracias," as if it had been a free offering.

Our guide took us back by a new path, in order to show us what he called the Salt Lake. It was not an extinct crater, like that of Nihapa, but one of those singular, funnel-shaped depressions, so frequent in volcanic countries, and which seemed to have been caused by the sinking of the earth. It was a gloomy-looking place, with a greenish yellow pool at the bottom, the water of which, our guide said, was salt and bitter. The sides were steep, and covered with tangled vines and bushes, and we did not attempt to descend.

There are other lakes, with musical Indian names in the vicinity of Managua, which closely resemble that of Nihapa, and owe their origin to similar causes. One of these occurs within a mile of the town, and is a favorite resort of the "lavadoras," or wash-women. It is reached by numerous paths, some broad and bordered with cactus hedges, and others winding through green covers, where the stranger often comes suddenly upon the startled Indian girl, whose unshod feet have worn the hard earth smooth, and whose hands have trained the vines into festooned arches above his head. There is but one descent to this lake; which, in the course of ages, has been made broad and comparatively easy. The shore is lined with large trees of magnificent foliage, beneath the shadows of which the "lavadoras" carry on their never-ending operations. The water is cool and limpid; and the lake itself resembles some immense fountain, where bright streams might have their birth rather than a fathomless, volcanic lake. So well has nature concealed beneath a robe of trees, and vines, and flowers, the evidences of ancient convulsions, rocks riven by earthquakes, or melted by fires from the incandescent depths of the earth.

SHOWING THE "RANG-TING."

BY JACK HUMPHRIES.

Some of these days, when Phineas, vulgarly called Peter, Barnum, retires from business, upon a small competency of ten or twelve million *E.* *Pluribus Unum*, and his great "sells," his Feejee mermaids, wooly horses, ancient Ethiopian nurses of General Washington, singing Jenny, Bridgeport banks and Fire-Annihilators, are sort of dim public of this "nation of bores," "builders of Warehouses and conveniences," may hear of another great showman, now in the germ, yclept one Mr. Scars.

Scars has too much genius and talent, as a showman ever to go down the tide of time unheralded and unsung, as any one that ever heard Barns talk to the crowd, at the gap of his tent—inside of which were ranged wax felons, ensanguined villains, sacrificial pirates, and hideous hyenas, and unchained tigers, stuffed with straw—cannot fail to conclude. The last time we saw Scars (previous to meeting him in Boston, last week) he had his "side show" with Dr. Spalding's Appolonian Circus company, at Lynn; he had gotten about as many of the mob into his tent as it would hold conveniently, and was then leading the orchestra—consisting of a base drum and bagpipes, himself playing a fiddle, while he smoked a long pipe on the top of one of his carts, hollared at the boys outside, and described the wax figures and stuffed animals within; and beat time with one foot, while with the other he kicked a fellow out of the show, for swearing in the presence of the ladies!

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"Not tail? tail?" says the Dutchman.

"Not you mean?" he continued grabbing his coat tails, as if he thought a snake had fastened to them.

The Yankee stood not upon the *order* of his going, but went with the velocity of a pea from a skillet, yelling out, in a good substantial Anglo-Saxon—

"Great God free! let me out—the Rang-a-tang talks Dutch!" and darting out into the crowded Hall, and making his way into Tremont street, the home-spun was off and gone for home—forty knots an hour!

Buff Cooley and Professor Sears, consider this a little the spicest practical *Jing-a-tang* of the season and if the reader only thinks like wise—nuff said.—Albany Dutchman.

Hoofland's GERMAN BITTERS. These celebrated Bitters prepared by Dr. C. M. Jackson 120 Arch street, Philadelphia are performing astonishing cures throughout the whole country. We can bear witness to their curative powers in the case of a friend of ours who had the Liver Complaint, and who had tried almost every other medicine, but without effect. After taking a few bottles of these Bitters he was entirely cured. To those who are similarly afflicted we recommend them to take the preparation, knowing that they will cure the disease spoken of and many others to which "flesh is heir to." There is a spurious article made in Philadelphia. The only place to get the genuine article is 120 Arch street, Philadelphia, of Dr. Jackson, of his agents throughout the country.

Sears hung out his banner on the outward walls, and opened his show. Patrons—ninemore a head flock in, and came out, saying they—the animals—were wonderful! To which Professor Sears never failed to exclaim—

"Aint they, the? Rang-a-tang from the Tonga Island; walk in, gentlemen, look at 'em—leave for the south to-morrow; your last chance, gentleman only a ninepence, sir; crossed so'pences only pass for five cents—thank you sir, stand back, boys, you can't see anything thro' the cracks here. Now's your time, gentlemen; rale Rang-a-tangs, genoone articles—no straw or Spanish moss about these wonderful animals—eat with a knife and fork, and drink out of cups and sasses, natural as niggers—this way, sir—all right—there's a chance—walk up, walk up, gentlemen; see humanity

PETER LYDDANE.

March, 1851—13-ly.

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